FRONTISPIECE.

Glory Crowning the Arts and Sciences.

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Ch. 790/29

MENTAL AMUSEMENT;

OR, THE

Juvenile Moraliſt:

CONSISTING OF

MORAL ESSAYS, ALLEGORIES,

AND

TALES,

INTERSPERSED WITH

Poetical Pieces.

CALCULATED FOR THE USE OF

PRIVATE FAMILIES AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS,

"Every juſt idea communicated to a pupil, every virtue "impreſſed upon a young heart, are ſo many benefits dif- "fuſed over our country." MAD. DE SILLERY.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

THE preſent Volume of Eſſays, Tales, Apologues, &c. is now offered to the Public. Its contents have been chiefly contributed by the Publiſher's literary friends, in order to form an additional ſeries of leſſons for the ſervice of families and ſchools. Moral inſtruction has been the Editor's chief aim in this, as in his former publications; and variety has

been his vehicle for the communication of it. For the laudable and liberal contributions of thoſe who have aided his deſign, he deſires to expreſs his ſenſible obligations; and he ſubmits them with a reſpectful confidence to thoſe inſtructors who have, in ſo indulgent a manner, patroniſed his previous efforts to lighten the labour of tuition. He requeſts at the ſame time to add, that, ſhould the candour he has before experienced ſuggeſt any hints for farther improvement, in the event of another edition,

edition, ſuch hints will be thankfully attended to by the Public's

Much obliged, and

Grateful ſervant,

Strand,
June, 1798. G. S.

CON-

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MEN

MENTAL AMUSEMENT;

OR,

THE JUVENILE MORALIST.

CHAP. I.

Education and Ignorance.

AN ALLEGORY.

" Phocylides, a Greek poet, compared Educa-
" tion to a ſickle and a hand, becauſe, if
" there was any vice in the ſoul, it would
" weed it out; and if there was no virtue, it
" would plant ſome in."

" If *good* we plant not, *vice* will fill the mind,
" And weeds deſpoil the place for flowers de-
ſign'd." HANNAH MORE.

EDUCATION and IGNORANCE had long lived oppoſite to each other in

a country town. It was the conſtant buſineſs of the former to improve his mind, and to promote the good of his fellow-creatures; while the latter was loitering at his door, and finding fault with thoſe who were better employed than himſelf. EDUCATION one day met IGNORANCE, on his way to the village bowling-green, and thus addreſſed him: "Pr'ythee, neighbour IGNORANCE, what can poſſibly entice you ſo often to that ſcene of indolence and tumult? you know what continual quarrels enſue from it, and what troubles they involve you in: how much more comfort might your own little

"cottage afford; and what far hap-
"pier effects would reſult from care-
"ful induſtry, or ſtudious applica-
"tion!"—"Perhaps they might,"
ſaid IGNORANCE; "but I had no taſte
"for ſuch matters in my younger
"days, and it is too late now to profit
"by your advice."—"It never can
"be too late," returned EDUCATION,
"to profit by advice, which is kindly
"intended and candidly received.
"From this moment let *me* become
"your adviſer: I will teach you to
"adopt new plans, and to acquire
"new habits, which will make you
"deſpiſe your former courſe of life.
"Take me for your conductor, and

"I will lead you to the mount of "Knowledge, where you may gather "fadeleſs flowers, and look down "with contempt on thoſe worthleſs "weeds which before could gratify "your ſenſes. For the fruits of idle- "neſs (you already know) are ſhame, "penury, remorſe; and thoſe of in- "duſtry (as I can witneſs) are com- "fort, independence, and fame."— IGNORANCE liſtened with attention to this friendly offer, and the dulneſs of his character no longer ſeemed viſible on his countenance. He graſped the hand of EDUCATION with reſpectful ardour, promiſed to become his daily viſitor, and, inſtead of living *oppoſite*, very

very ſoon took up his abode on the ſame ſide of the way. REFORMATION, his firſt couſin, died a few years after, and leaving him heir to a handſome fortune, IGNORANCE took his NAME.

CHAP. II.

On the Employment of Time.

" A wiſe man counts his minutes; he lets no
" time ſlip; for time is life, which he makes
" long by the good huſbandry of a right uſe
" and application of it." RULE OF LIFE.

THE beſt way of ordering time is to lay down a plan of our own, adapted to the purſuits we are engaged in: this will leave us leiſure for every purſuit, and prevent our appearing in a hurry on every trifling occaſion.

Order is the firſt law of nature; the moon, ſtars, and tides, vary not from

from their ſettled courſes, and "the "ſun knoweth the hour of his going "down."

When many things preſs upon us, and we are doubtful what to do firſt, how many minutes do we loſe for want of order; and how painful is the reflection, that thoſe minutes never can return!

Uſeful employment is the main-ſpring of our being; without it we ſhould ſoon grow languid or fretful, and probably become a burden to ourſelves. The noble works achieved by aſſiduity, hiſtory has recorded: thence too we learn, that the greateſt men, in every age and nation, have

owed

owed their greatneſs to the wiſe diſpoſal of their time. Cæſar had never conquered, or written the hiſtory of his conqueſts, had he not poſſeſſed, in a high degree, the power of turning every moment to ſome account; Newton had never explored the true movement of the heavenly bodies, had he loitered away his youth in perſonal eaſe or indulgence; Locke had never ſearched into the receſſes of human intellect, had his mind been leſs active, or leſs vigilant in its application of the paſſing hour; nor had Thomſon, the ſweet poet of nature, ever ſung to us "the Seaſons "as they changed," if he had all his life

life indulged, "falſely luxurious," on the bed of ſloth; for, as he kindly queſtions us,

"Is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
"To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
"The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life?"

By a habit of early riſing, the ſcantieſt life may be extended, and the longeſt made much longer: in what proportion will appear from the following ſtatement. In the courſe of forty years, the difference between riſing every morning at ſix or eight o'clock, amounts to three years and nearly four months; which would ſupply twelve hours a day for almoſt ſeven

ſeven years. Whence it may be conſidered as ſo long a term added to our exiſtence. Let this reflection rouſe the ſluggard from his pillow; and let him profit by the following example. Alfred the Great, one of the wiſeſt monarchs that ever ſwayed the Britiſh ſceptre, aſſigned to every hour of his life its peculiar buſineſs: he divided the day and night into three parts; eight hours he allotted to eat and ſleep in, eight were devoted to buſineſs and recreation, and eight to ſtudy and prayer.

" Firſt worſhip God!—he that forgets to *pray*,
" Bids not himſelf *good morrow*, or *good day*!"

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Economy inculcated; or, The Bee and the Blue-Bottle.

A FABLE.

" The regard one ſhows Economy is like that " we ſhow a diſtant relation who is to leave " us ſomething at laſt." SHENSTONE.

" Economy is the parent of Integrity, of Li- " berty, and of Eaſe, and the beauteous ſiſter " of Temperance, of Cheerfulneſs, and " Health." HAWKESWORTH.

A LARGE blue fly, who was buzzing every morning about the door of a grocer's ſhop, had fattened himſelf on the ſides of a ſugar-caſk, till he

he was ſcarcely able at night to fly home to his hole in a garden wall. A bee, who belonged to a hive within the garden, and was hourly culling ſweets from every flower, to load his little thighs with honey for the cell, had obſerved this lazy drone, and cautioned him againſt indulging in ſuch exceſs of luxury. "This, neigh-
"bour," ſaid the bee, "is indeed a
"fine ſunny ſeaſon, but it will not
"laſt many months; nor will the
"ſugar-caſk, where you paſs whole
"days in gorging yourſelf, ſupply you
"with food for the winter, if you
"feaſt ſo greedily now. Adopt my
"practice, and lay by, for future
"ſup-

"ſupport, what you do not require "for preſent ſubſiſtence." The blue-bottle thanked the bee for his friendly hint, paid many compliments to his wiſdom, and applauded his worldly prudence; but returned again next morning to the luſcious delights of the ſugar-caſk. At length, November came: the winds blew very ſharp, and the rain fell very heavy; the poor blue-bottle was not able to get to the grocer's, and at home he had made no proviſion againſt bad weather. The bee peeped out of his hive, and pitied his fooliſh neighbour; but the cares of his own family prevented him from doing more.

MORAL.

Temperance, not abſtinence, is man's true bliſs,
And being ſo, is therefore Heaven's command:
The wretch who riots, thanks his God amiſs;
Who ſtarves, rejects the bounties of his hand.

CHAP. IV.

The Uſes of Reading.

" Each pleaſing art lends ſoftneſs to the mind;
" And, with our ſtudies, are our lives refin'd."

THERE is not, perhaps, any better reſource for improving our minds than READING, provided the books we read are properly ſelected, and the temper in which they are peruſed accords with the ſubject. Reading not only brings a fund of employment to the memory, but fits us for various duties, and makes us capable of converſing upon a variety of ſubjects.

Uneducated perſons, who cannot enjoy this privilege, are often a fatigue to themſelves, or are driven to amuſements totally unworthy of a rational being. By ſtoring the mind with uſeful ideas, we feel ourſelves intelligent creatures; and, living under this impulſe, are fitted for the exerciſe of thoſe duties which call for our exertions in every ſphere of life. If a fellow-creature is oppreſſed by want or ſickneſs, nature and religion prompt us to miniſter the cordial of relief, or the balm of ſympathy. If we have the means to leſſen another's ſufferings, conſcience will ſecretly recompenſe us for all the attentions which

which charity demanded at our hands; and we ſhall be thankful to HIM who "went about doing good," for every occaſion afforded us of proving ourſelves his followers; for after all our reaſoning, the logic of the goſpel muſt be founded in our own hearts. The moſt preſſing arguments in favour of the diſtreſſed, will never touch *him*, who can ſee his fellow-creatures ſuffer without being moved. An unfeeling mind is like an ill-tuned inſtrument, from which it is impoſſible to draw forth pleaſing ſounds. Let us not forget, therefore, that "Chriſtianity has but two capi-"tal features—love to God, evinced

" in acts of piety—and good-will
" towards man, exemplified in all
" the possibilities of doing good."

CHAP. V.

Addreſs to the Deity.

ETERNAL Pow'r! who ſpread'ſt o'er all
Thy mild parental care:
Aſſiſt a mortal's feeble call,
Accept his lowly prayer!

Oft, when my failings I deplore,
Thy mercy ſtoops to bleſs;
Nor, while I feel that mercy more,
Let others own it leſs.

But as to *me* thy comforts flow,
Oh! let them ſo extend,
That nature ne'er may find a foe,
Where frailty needs a friend.

Far rather give the angel-power
To ſooth another's pain;
To gild affliction's lonely hour,
And link the ſocial chain.

So

So may *my* heart, when pierc'd by grief,
The better bear diſtreſs;
And, when thy goodneſs brings relief,
With warmer ardour bleſs.

Relying on an all-wiſe will,
Be my dependence this—
To think that every ſeeming ill
Contains a real bliſs:

And for the good thy gifts reveal,
Be grateful praiſes given;
So ſhall each earthly joy I feel,
Exalt my thoughts to Heaven!

T. P.

CHAP. VI.

Moral Retribution.

A TALE.

" It rarely happens that puniſhment, though " ſlow in its progreſs, has failed to overtake " a villain." HORACE.

NEAR to a village in the weſt of England there dwelt an honeſt but homely pair, who earned their bread by the ſweat of their brow, and enjoyed in humble peace the fruits of their mutual induſtry. William, at his cottage on the waſte, was always met with ſmiles by his helpmate Ellen,

who

who gladly ſet aſide her work to cheer her William with a welcome meal. Thus, in ruſtic quiet, did many years paſs on, till their only ſon, young Alleyne, was grown a ſturdy boy. One evening, after waiting longer than uſual for the return of William from the market, Alleyne took his mother by the hand, and aſked her to go and meet his father. They ſtrolled away together over the common, and along the foot-path by the wood-ſide, till they approached the village: but William met them not. Ellen fancied he muſt have gone home ſome other way, and haſtened back to their cottage, leſt he ſhould arrive before them.

them. But the cottage was lonely as ſhe left it. Terrors, till now unknown, crowded into her mind. It grew quite dark, and William was to have returned at leaſt two hours before. Ellen ſaw her ſon to bed, and hurried again to the village to collect ſome tidings of him; but no one had ſeen William ſince ſun-ſet. Half diſtracted, ſhe again ran back to her cottage, and paſſed in ſtifled moanings a night of ſleepleſs woe: On the morrow William came not, nor did ſhe ever ſee him more! Not the ſmalleſt whiſper reached her of what could have befallen him.—In ſad, though patient affliction, ſhe la-

lamented her hapleſs fate, and reared up her youthful Alleyne in ſolitude and tears. Alleyne repaid her tenderneſs with dutiful regard. He ſoon ſupplied his father's office of providing for her daily wants, grew beloved by all the country, and, when he came to manhood, married the only daughter of a rich grazier, who put the young couple in poſſeſſion of a ſnug farm. Thither he removed his mother; who gradually loſt the ſenſe of her own ſorrows in beholding her ſon's proſperity.

It happened one day that Alleyne paſſed the village-green while ſome ruſtics were pitching the bar; and,

as

as he was famed for ſtrength, they begged him to take a fling. Alleyne complied, and put out all his force; but, by ſome ſtrange miſchance, the bar flew from his hand in a random direction, ſtruck the ſtomach of one Ruſtan, a gambling cock-fighter, and brought him bleeding to the ground. The blow was pronounced to be mortal; and Alleyne, when he heard it, became almoſt inſane. Ruſtan was conveyed, as he directed, to the porch of the vicarage, whither Alleyne went alſo, by his deſire; and, as life was ebbing faſt, he called the clergyman to witneſs that his fate was truly juſt. "In *me*," ſaid Ruſtan,

" you behold a guilty wretch, who
" *ſlew* the father of Alleyne, for the
" ſake of his weekly earnings, which
" I loſt next day at the cock-pit,
" and have lived a life of torment
" ever ſince. The deadly wound
" which now exhauſts me was given
" me by Heaven, and not the hand
" of Alleyne; and with my parting
" breath I declare the juſtice of Pro-
" vidence, in making an innocent
" ſon the avenger of his murdered
" father."

CHAP. VII.

The Advantages of Knowledge.

" Knowledge is not only an ornament, but a " ſolace in the moments of leiſure and ſoli- " tude." DR. REES.

TO be able to enjoy the pleaſures of retirement, requires a mind furniſhed with internal reſources. When men talk with rapture of retreating from the world, we may give them credit for all the viſions they have formed of pure felicity; but the mind will ſtill require ſupport, and cannot feed upon mere indolence; which, per-

haps, is all that leiſure can ſupply. The end propoſed by the buſy is various; but in the labour itſelf is the enjoyment: and when this labour is at an end, chagrin will probably fill the place of ideal happineſs. For, generally ſpeaking, we never ſee thoſe perſons content with ſolitude in advanced life, who have not ſtored their minds with domeſtic wiſdom and uſeful knowledge. — "Knowledge," as a noble writer remarked, "is a comfortable and ne-
"ceſſary ſhelter for us in age; but if
"we do not plant it while young, it
"will give us no ſhade when we
"grow old." And for ſuch planting,

it

it may be added, the occaſion is frequently loſt.

A reputable tradeſman in the city of Weſtminſter, who retired from buſineſs to a villa he had purchaſed near the ſea, after an abſence of ſome months, found an inactive life ſo irkſome, that he entreated again to have a ſhare in the partnerſhip which he had lately given up. This was unkindly refuſed him; and he then deſired to become an aſſiſtant in the ſhop, and to ſerve, without reward, behind the counter.

This inſtance, among others, evinces the neceſſity there is for mental cultivation, whatever may be our em-

ploy. But this muſt be effected in early years, or there is little likelihood of its being effected at all. The ſeeds of knowledge then ſown in the mind are ſure to ſpring up with advantage in later periods, and will yield fruits of increaſe proportioned to our culture, and the fertile nature of the ſoil.

CHAP. VIII.

On Filial Love and Obedience.

"Honour thy father and thy mother."
FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

A STEADY and rooted affection from children to their parents is one of the moſt natural, as well as engaging ſentiments which can be cheriſhed in the boſom of youth. It is an inſtinctive feeling, aud cannot therefore be given up without a previous departure from all that is amiable or virtuous. This is finely ſhown in one of Shakeſpeare's tragedies, of which Garrick ſaid—

"Ingra-

" Ingratitude would drop the tear,
" Cold-blooded age take fire,
" To ſee the thankleſs children of old LEAR
" Spurn at their king and ſire!"

Odious muſt ever appear the undutiful child, while filial regard is ſure to obtain admiration. A pleaſing inſtance of its powerful effects is recorded in the Roman hiſtory. While Octavius Cæſar was at Samos, after the battle of Actium, he held a council to examine the priſoners which had been engaged in the party of his adverſary. Among the reſt, there was brought before him an old man, named Metellus, disfigured by a long beard, a neglected head of hair, and very ragged apparel. The ſon of this Me-

Metellus was one of the judges, but he had great difficulty to diſcover his father in this deplorable condition. At length, however, having recollected his features, inſtead of being aſhamed to own him, he ran eagerly into his arms, and ſhed a torrent of tears upon his neck. Then turning to the tribunal, "Cæſar," ſaid he, "my father has been your enemy, "and I your officer: he deſerves to "be puniſhed, and I to be rewarded. "The favour I deſire of you is, either "to ſave him on my account, or to "order me to be put to death with "him." All the judges were touched with compaſſion at this affecting

ſcene.

ſcene. Octavius himſelf relented, and granted to old Metellus his life and liberty.

There is an inward delight ariſing from the diſcharge of filial duty, which always furniſhes a full reward for any reſtraints it may impoſe; while diſobedience or contempt is ſure to breed a canker-worm within the heart, and ſometimes brings with it an immediate puniſhment. This is prettily ſhown in the enſuing tale, written by a gentleman on a ſhooting party, and ſent to his god-daughter.

CHAP. IX.

The Young Partridge.

A TALE.

" FROM plains o'erſpread with bell-cups blue,
" And crow-foot flow'rs of yellow hue,
" From fens where pithy ruſhes grow,
" And ſhallow ſtreams with pomp creep ſlow,
" To little Lucy, young and fair,
" Whom myſtic vows have made my care,
" Oh! wing thy way, my gentle dove,
" And chant the praiſe of filial love.
" For ſtill to ſooth a mother's cares,
" To nurſe her hopes, or calm her fears,
" And cheer her path through life's rough way,
" Be your firſt pleaſure—to *obey!*
" Or Heaven, averting friendſhip's pray'r,
" Inſtead of peace will ſend deſpair.

" An-

" Ancient bards, and tales of old,
" In ſong this moral oft have told;
" And well I know the precept true,
" For late I learn'd this moral too.
" One miſty morn, when dewdrops ſhone
" By the faintly-glimmering moon,
" I to the hazel coppice hied,
" With truſty Sancho by my ſide;
" Lur'd by the eager queſt of game,
" With fav'rite fowling-piece I came.—
" Soon as the ſun with tepid ray
" Chas'd the thick miſt and dew away,
" The whirring covey leave the wood,
" And gain the fields in queſt of food,
" Spread their bright plumes, and gladſome pla
" Beneath the ſtrength'ning beams of day.
" One little wanton, pert and vain,
" Contemns her mother's ſober reign,
" Rejects advice with haughty air,
" And wanders o'er the ſtubble far:
" Till keen-noſ'd Sancho ranging by,
" Stands,—and foretels a partridge nigh.
" Now, by the treacherous gale betray'd,
" Wiſhing, in vain, maternal aid,

" Sh

" She ponders o'er her follies paſt,
" And, ſinner-like, repents at laſt:
" With fated flaſh the thunder flies;
" The bird, without a chirrup, dies."

J. F.

CHAP. X.

Thoughts on Nature and Providence.

" NATURE is but a name for an effect
" Whoſe cauſe is GOD!" COWPER.

TO trace the beauties of Nature and the bounties of Providence, has ever filled the thinking mind with gratitude and delight. To remark with what majeſty and order the ſun purſues his courſe, ripening into uſe the vegetable world, and cheering the whole creation with his ſplendour; to ſee " the moon take up the wonderous tale" of her divine origin,

and

and announce herſelf "the leſſer "light to rule the night;" to obſerve the planets purſue their courſes through infinite ſpace, each in its ſeveral orbit; to behold the ſtarry hoſt, mingling their milder radiance through the ſame vaſt void; is a ſight to elevate the ſoul, and kindle our devotion at the ſkies!

Turning our eyes from the heavens to the earth, whereon we dwell, what a ſcene of wonders again engages our view! How does the ſtructure of every being fill us with ſurpriſe! and what a triumph over the boaſted powers of man does his great Creator maintain; when even

the ſmalleſt inſect that crawls upon this globe, not a whole nation of artificers have ſkill enough to frame. —If we roam into the fields in ſummer, what a picture preſents itſelf before our ſenſes! What delightful colours does Nature paint with! How grateful to the eye is the blue canopy that hangs above our heads, and the green carpet which ſpreads itſelf beneath our feet! Flowers ſcent the gale with health, and riſe before us in beautiful variety, at every ſtep we tread. Some herbs have medicinal properties, while others ſupply food to the herds and flocks that graze upon the ſurface of the ground. The

ocean

ocean has its ſhoals of living creatures, and abounds with every ſpecies of the ſcaly tribe, from the huge whale to the ſhrimp that ſports upon the ebbing wave. The air is peopled alſo with its gay tenants, ſome of whom delight us by their plumage, and others by their charms of ſong. The ALMIGHTY has diſplayed his wiſdom and goodneſs in all the works of creation, by endowing every creature with powers ſuitable to the purpoſes of its exiſtence. But to his creature *man*, He has given an underſtanding, whereby he is capable of knowing, loving, and ſerving his MAKER!

" Happy who walks with HIM! whom what he finds
" Of flavour or of ſcent in fruit or flower,
" Or what he ſees of beautiful or grand
" In nature, from the broad majeſtic oak
" To the green blade that trembles in the ſun,
" Prompts with remembrance of a preſent GOD!
" Who gives its luſtre to an inſect's wing,
" And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds."

CHAP. XI.

The Folly of Pride.

" To be proud of knowledge, is to be blind in " the light; to be proud of virtue, is to poi- " ſon yourſelf with the antidote; to be proud " of authority, is to make your riſe your " downfall." MORAL SENTIMENTS.

THERE appears to be no paſſion more decried, nor any more prevalent, than that of pride. It takes ſo many ſhapes, that it ſometimes deceives even the poſſeſſor himſelf. It aſſumes a pompous deportment, from being the heir to a ſounding name. It boaſts of poſſeſſions, which have not

not always been honourably obtained; and too often makes exterior ſhow ſupply the want of intrinſic virtue. In ſhort, it aims at diſtinction by means which cannot properly confer it.

A certain cavalier, hearing that an old friend of his was ſuddenly advanced to be a cardinal, went to congratulate him upon his new dignity. "Pray, Sir," ſaid the cardinal, with great formality, "may I crave "the favour of your name, and of "your buſineſs?"—"I am come," replied the cavalier, after a ſhort pauſe, "to *condole* with your emi- "nence, and to tell you how heartily

"I pity

"I pity thoſe perſons whoſe brains "are ſo turned with the pride of pre- "ferment, that they can neither ſee, "nor hear, nor underſtand, like other "men; ſince it makes them as en- "tirely forget an old acquaintance, "as if they had never ſeen him before "in the courſe of their lives."

Some of the ancients treated this failing with juſt ſeverity; and we have an inſtance tranſmitted by hiſtory of very ſeaſonable reproof. One day, when Alcibiades was boaſting of his wealth and great eſtates, Socrates carried him to a map, and requeſted him to find Attica.—It was ſo minute as ſcarcely to be diſcernible. He found

found it, however, though with difficulty. But upon being desired to point out his own estate there, "It "is too small," he answered, "to be "distinguished."—"See, then," returned Socrates, "how much reason "you have to be bloated up with "self-importance about a viewless "point of land." This reasoning might have been pursued still farther. For what was Attica compared to all Greece, Greece to all Europe, Europe to the whole world, or the world itself to the multitude of orbs which surround it? What an atom is the most powerful prince upon earth, in the midst of this grand assemblage;

emblage; and what a ſpot in the creation does he occupy! Well, therefore, may the Holy Scriptures teach us—

"PRIDE was not made for *man*."

CHAP. XII.

On Truth.

" Truth, like Virtue, to be loved needs only " to be ſeen." BEATTIE.

THE youth who takes Truth for his guide, who regulates his actions by the laws of conſcience, and makes his paſſions ſubmit to reaſon, is not very likely to err in his progreſs through life. Truth, indeed, is the beſt policy as well as the ſoundeſt wiſdom; for whatever convenience may ſeem to be gained by falſehood, it is ſoon over; but the diſadvantage

is perpetual, becauſe it brings a perſon under conſtant ſuſpicion.

ROBERT and JAMES had been playmates from their earlieſt childhood, and, in conſequence of a long intimacy which had ſubſiſted between their parents, were ſent to the ſame ſchool. In the breaſt of ROBERT, Truth was a fixed principle, and extended itſelf throughout his conduct. With JAMES, Truth, on preſſing occaſions, was often ſacrificed to ſelfiſh fear. A complaint was one day lodged againſt the two friends by a neighbouring miller, on account of ſome ſhe-aſſes, big with foal, which they had taken from graſs, and gal-

lopped up and down a lane near the village for a whole afternoon. The maſter took the boys apart, and demanded from each a true ſtatement of the affair. ROBERT, with an open frankneſs, related the event as it really happened, with ſincere concern for having committed an act of barbarity, of which he was not ſufficiently aware: and after many bluſhes at his own thoughtleſs folly, he generouſly took upon him to repreſent the leſs active ſhare which his playmate had taken in the tranſaction.—JAMES, on being examined, denied the facts alleged by the miller; but finding this would not anſwer his purpoſe, he

he endeavoured to throw the blame of the whole matter upon ROBERT. The different behaviour of the two boys on this occaſion, gave the maſter a full inſight into their oppoſite characters, and he reſolved to impreſs their effects upon the minds of the whole ſchool. To the father of JAMES, he ſent word, that a proper compenſation muſt be made to the miller for the miſdeeds of his ſon; and when this was effected, he puniſhed the offender ſeverely for his perfidy to ROBERT, in the face of all their playfellows; and *Jemmy* became a bye-word in the ſchool ever after for ſuch as were caught in a lie. ROBERT, on

the contrary, was not only freely pardoned, but held up as a model of truth and candour. The maſter undertook to ſettle terms for him with the miller, and in memory of his conduct, uſed to grant a yearly holyday to all the ſcholars, who entitled it ROBERT'S *feſtival.*

Some of the ancient moraliſts looked upon Truth as no leſs neceſſary than virtue, to qualify a human ſoul for the enjoyment of a happier ſtate. And, "certainly" (ſays the learned Lord Bacon), "it is heaven upon earth "to have a man's mind move in "Charity, reſt in Providence, and "turn upon the poles of *Truth.*"

CHAP. XIII.

The Captive Lark.

A TALE.

" The love of liberty with life is given,
" And life itſelf's the inferior gift of Heaven!"

IN taking a walk acroſs the fields near town, on a fine ſummer evening, I was delighted with the cheerful appearance which the ſeaſon diſplayed; and frequently pauſed to mark the changes which the ſetting ſun produced, or to hear the birds chant their carols to the departing day. A lark which had riſen near me, took

his flight into the pure expanſe above my head, ſtill ſinging as he ſoared, and poiſing himſelf amid the blue ether, as far as the eye could reach. On a ſudden he dropt from his height, like a body deprived of motion, and deſcended into an adjoining field. I haſtily ſtepped forward to mark the ſpot where he alighted, and, lo! when I peeped over the hedge, I perceived my poor lark fluttering among the toils of a bird-catcher, who had decoyed him into his ſnares. "Ill-fated ſongſter!" ſaid I to myſelf, "what a ſad exchange is this! "From having lived on the boſom of "the air, thou art now to be pent "up

"up in ſome cloſe garret, in a cage "no bigger than a mouſe-trap, or "expoſed to the cruelties of any idle "boy who may be rich enough to "buy thee for a play-thing. No: I "will reſcue thee from ſuch hard "bondage, and reſtore thee to thy "abſent mate." The bird-catcher, taking advantage of my ardour, ſeemed unwilling to part with his prize; but at length we made our bargain, and having committed the trembling captive to his native region, methought every object which preſented itſelf on my way home afforded an unuſual cheerfulneſs. "And if this," ſaid I, "is the reſult of having releaſed a

"poor

" poor bird only, what nobler tranſ-
" ports might Europeans derive from
" procuring freedom for their ſable
" brethren in Africa!

" Natives of Europe, wherefore boaſt
" The fair complexion of a ſkin?
" 'Tis not how climates act without,
" But how great NATURE works within.

" The beauteous tint which ſhe diſplays,
" Engages Wiſdom's ſober eye,
" Beyond the faireſt outward form
" That blooms beneath our lenient ſky."

CHAP. XIV.

Prudence and Prodigality; or, The Mountain of Money.

A TALE.

——" To the wife
" And good, in public or in private life,
" Wealth is the means of virtue, and beſt ſerves
" The nobleſt purpoſes; but in the uſe,
" Not in the bare poſſeſſion, lies the merit."

GILBERT WEST.

AN elderly gentleman, who had retired with a fortune gained by trade, was far more reſpected in the village where he dwelt for his worth and charity, than for the wealth he was known

known to be poſſeſſed of. During a long confinement to a ſick-bed, from which his phyſician gave him little hope of recovery, his attorney brought word, that two poor kinſmen of his were found to be living on the borders of Wales, who had a family claim upon his ſervices.—"If ſuch is "the caſe," ſaid the old gentleman, "they ſhall find a friend in me; and "if they are deſerving young men, "I lament they ſhould hitherto have "been unknown. Let a codicil in- "ſtantly be added to my will." In this codicil he bequeathed to each of his kinſmen 300*l.* His death followed ſoon after, and notice of his bequeſts

was

was ſent to the legatees. The joy of the two brothers on hearing of their good fortune may be better conceived than related. Both ſet forward by the next ſtage to wait on the executors, and the legacies were paid into their own hands. The elder brother took a neat houſe in a neighbouring market-town, expended 50*l.* in furniture, 100*l.* in articles of trade, and put out the remaining 150*l.* at intereſt, on good ſecurity. This intereſt was nearly equal to the yearly rent of his houſe, and the principal was at his command whenever it might be prudent to increaſe his ſtock, and embark on a larger ſcale. By ſuch manage-

management he found himſelf, in a few years, poſſeſſed of a ſufficiency to inſure comfort, and lived to be regarded by all as a valuable neighbour and uſeful member of ſociety.

The younger brother, on receiving his legacy, acted like the ſervant in the parable, who neglected to improve his talent. Three hundred pounds he looked up to as *a mountain of money* which never could be exhauſted, and conceived himſelf, in conſequence, a gentleman for life. He threw up his place of clerk in a counting-houſe, purchaſed a ſmart whiſkey, made a ſummer tour to ſeveral places of public reſort, and, regardleſs

gardleſs of the intereſt which his money might procure, placed the bulk of it at a banker's, and drew for ſuch ſums as occaſion required. Idleneſs, "the root of all evil," led him into the company of many gay young men, who had fortunes more ample than his own; and at the end of two years, he found his mountain of money had dwindled into leſs than a mole-hill. The ſtory of the returning prodigal now ſhot acroſs his memory, and he entreated his former maſter to reſtore him to his employment. But his place had long been filled up; and his habits of living were grown ſo irregular, that even a

recommendation was refuſed him: his laſt reſource, therefore, was to enter himſelf as a common ſailor before the maſt.

Let the contraſt of prudence and miſconduct here ſhown, ſerve as a beacon to all young perſons; and let them remember, that all exceſſes of pleaſure muſt expect an after-reckoning: a man will be ſure to pay for them in repentance, or in ſomething worſe.

CHAP. XV.

Rhapſody on Man.

BY MR. PARK.

MAN, thou moſt diſcordant creature,
Germ of contrariety!
All the wayward ſeeds of nature,
All ſhoot up and bloom in thee.

Fraught with paſſions wild and torrid,
Form'd with reaſon thoſe to guide;
Yet, by one or other hurried,
Reaſon's pow'r is ſoon denied.

Now to Virtue's path inclining,
Yet too heedleſs of the way;
Vice, with many a lure deſigning,
Oft miſleads her eaſy prey.

Then on Pleaſure's wings elated,
Pleaſure oft in thought careſt;
Yet, if thought has over-rated,
Pleaſure loſes all her zeſt.

Sometimes, with ecſtatic madneſs,
Prudence wholly he reſigns:
Then in mood of ſullen ſadneſs,
Still as loſt to prudence, pines.

Man's a conſtant variation,
Warring maſs of good and ill,
Chaos of concatenation,
Link'd by ſenſe, confus'd by will:

Fool'd by Spleen's deceptive mirror,
Or his more fallacious eyes;
Reas'ning in a miſt of error,
Erring when he moſt ſeems wiſe.

CHAP. XVI.

Addreſs to Woman.

A Poetic Rhapſody from the Italian.

BY MISS SEWARD.

DESIGN'D for peace, and ſoft delight,
For tender love, and pity mild,
O ſeek not THOU the craggy height,
The howling main, the deſert wild!

Stay in the ſhelter'd vale below,
Where calmly blows the fragrant air,
But ſhun the mountain's ſtormy brow,
For darken'd winds are whiſtling there!

The ruffian, MAN, endures the ſtrife
Of tempeſts fierce, and raging ſeas;
But brave not thou the ſtorms of life,
WOMAN, thou roſy child of eaſe!

Ah!

Ah! ſurely on thy natal day
  Great Nature ſmil'd in kindlieſt mood,
Suſpended held the bloody fray,
  And huſh'd the wind, and ſmooth'd the flood!

While MAN, that lives a life of pain,
  Was with a ſoul vindictive born,
Loud winds blew round him, and the rain
  Beat furious on his wintry morn.

But THOU, beneath a kinder ſky,
  What diſtant tempeſt wakes thy fears?
Why does that mild, that trembling eye,
  Gleam through a cryſtal film of tears?

Stay in the vale!—no wild affright
  Shall croſs thy path, nor ſullen care;
But go not to the craggy height—
  The darken'd ſtorm is raging there.

CHAP. XVII.

Misfortune Alleviated.

" Ah! think what cares muſt ache within his breaſt,
" Who loaths the lingering road, yet has no home of reſt." SOUTHEY.

MR. Jones was walking out with his dog Silvy on a winter's afternoon, and enjoying the bleſſings of competence and health; when approaching near to a ſtile by the road-ſide, a voice of apparent diſtreſs caught his attention. He ſtopped to liſten. In a few moments it was feebly heard again. Silvy pricked up her ears, and

ſhrunk

ſhrunk behind her maſter, as he advanced towards the ſpot from whence the ſound proceeded, and where, to his concern, he beheld a feeble old man leaning on a ſod-bank, with a wicker baſket beſide him, in which were a few apples, cakes, and nuts. He kindly inquired of the ſtranger concerning his welfare and condition. "Sir," ſaid the aged figure, lifting his eyes to Heaven, ſwollen in tears, "I am faint with wearineſs and af- "fliction; but my heart is too full "to recount its ſorrows, and it would "be painful for you to hear them." Silvy all this time ſtood looking at the old man, and more than once licked

licked his hand, then the toe of his foot, which had made its way through the ſhoe he had on. "Be aſſured," replied Mr. Jones, "I have a better "motive than mere curioſity for wiſh-"ing to know more of you." Thus encouraged, the old man took out of his pocket a torn piece of linen, which ſupplied the place of a hand-kerchief, and wiping the tears from his eyes, thus proceeded:—"My "life, Sir, paſſed on with little change "till I arrived at manhood. I then "began the world for myſelf, in a "ſmall town in the weſt of England. "My trade of ſhoe-making for ſome "years proſpered, and gave earneſt

"of

" of comfort in later life for my
" youthful diligence and care. At
" the age of thirty I married; and
" for ſeveral years lived very happily.
" I ſometimes uſed to think it was a
" ſtate too happy to laſt long—and
" ſo, alas! it turned out; for my
" buſineſs was ruined by a man of
" more capital, who underſold me;
" and bad debts contracted withal,
" ſoon brought my creditors about
" me, who took poſſeſſion of all my
" effects. Thus ſuddenly left deſti-
" tute, I ſcarce knew what courſe to
" purſue; and while I was contriving
" how to act for the beſt, the partner
" of my cares, through anguiſh and
" diſ-

"diſtreſs of mind, was taken from
"me."—Here he pauſed; while the
big tears ran down his woe-worn
cheek. Mr. Jones, after waiting
ſome minutes to let his grief ſubſide,
requeſted to hear the remainder of
his ſtory. "From that time," re-
ſumed the old man, "I determined
"to try my chance in London. I
"ſet out on foot, and reached it after
"three days journey. I ſoon got into
"pretty good employment, and be-
"gan to think leſs of the troubles
"which lately afflicted me.—There I
"continued ſeveral years, decently
"providing for myſelf, until the in-
"firmities of age came upon me, and

"my ſight failing, I was hindered
"from following my trade. I then
"took to ſelling fruit and ginger-
"bread in the little way you ſee; and
"this morning expended my *laſt*
"*ſhilling*, to procure a ſupply for the
"young gentlemen at Dr. Buſby's
"ſchool; but being poorly in body,
"and very low in mind, I had re-
"poſed myſelf on this ſod of earth,
"in humble expectation that the
"FATHER OF MERCY would call me
"from this world of woe to reunite
"me with my long-loſt ſpouſe." Mr.
Jones, whoſe heart had all the time
beat in ſympathy with that of the
poor ſhoe-maker, kindly raiſed him
up,

up, and gave him his arm to lean on till he reached the next village. He there took him to an inn, and desired the landlady would give him such nourishing food as he needed. On the following day he called again; found his strength much restored; made a present to the landlady for her care, and slipped a guinea into the hand of her guest.

Mr. Jones then set forward in search of some small shop, where the old man might sell his fruit and gingerbread without the labour of carrying them from place to place. This he soon effected; and in less than a week his pensioner took possession of

the little tenement. His civility and fair dealing procured him ſucceſs; and daily did he implore the God of Heaven to reward that goodneſs which had raiſed him from deſpair and poverty to a ſtate of comfort and ſatisfaction.

CHAP. XVIII.

On Education and Books.

A DIALOGUE.

" Accompliſhments by Heav'n were firſt de-
ſign'd
" Leſs to adorn than to amend the mind;
" Each ſhould contribute to the general end,
" And all to Virtue, as their centre, tend."

HANNAH MORE.

MRS. Day, a widow lady, having invited a ſmall party to ſpend an evening with her, the following converſation took place between two female friends.

Mrs. Aikin. — Though I know

Mrs. Danby's partiality for ancient modes, I cannot help preferring our modern plan of tuition, and the ſtudies now followed at ſchool. The books put into the hands of young perſons are written in an eaſy ſtyle, and furniſh a pleaſing mode of moral inſtruction.

Mrs. Danby.—I am ſorry, my dear Madam, that I cannot ſo warmly as yourſelf applaud the prevailing ſyſtems of the preſent day; religious truths are almoſt frittered away by modiſh refinement; and I ſuſpect, upon a general ſurvey, that the riſing race do not promiſe to become better or wiſer, except in their own eyes, than

than the race which went before them. The moral culture of the mind is certainly of moment; but ſcience and morals muſt yield to the importance of religious knowledge.

Mrs. Aikin.—Doubtleſs what you prefer, Mrs. Danby, was that uniform method of teaching from the Bible, piouſly adopted by our forefathers in every private family and public ſchool. This divine ſtorehouſe of inſtruction I would by no means have neglected (as I am given to underſtand it is not); but it appears to me, that its purpoſes may even be aſſiſted by thoſe productions, which convey the ſpirit, though not

the letter of the ſacred volume itſelf, ſince novelty often has charms to render that an agreeable employment, which would otherwiſe appear a taſk.

Mrs. Danby.—Your arguments, my friend, ſtill fail to impreſs me with conviction. The Scriptures, I am perſuaded, contain a treaſure of learning. They teach all we need to know for the practice of every Chriſtian duty; and they teach it in a better manner than any other book. —But pray, Mrs. Aikin, what do you think of our *romances* and *novels*, which now make as regular a courſe of ſtudy in female circles, as theology

or

or logic can do at Oxford or Cambridge?

Mrs. Aikin.—That they have ſuch an influence I much lament; for to them we owe much ideal, and more real miſery. They fill the young mind with viſions that cannot be realized, and dazzle it with ſplendours which cannot be poſſeſſed. But the miſchief moſt to be dreaded is, from their being read too early in life, when the heart embraces fictions as reality, and in time loſes its ſympathy for real objects of diſtreſs, when they are not tricked out in the trappings of ſentiment. Modern novels neither afford wholeſome food nor

ſatisfy

ſatisfy the appetite which can digeſt them. They too ſtrongly reſemble the diſh we call a TRIFLE, which may pleaſe the eye and the palate, but cannot appeaſe real hunger.

Mrs. Danby.—Alack-a-day! what would my parents have ſaid, had I been ſuffered to indulge even once a year upon ſuch frothy diet?—No; our whole family library, which had been formed in the reign of Queen Anne, conſiſted of two large Bibles and three ſmall ones—The Whole Duty of Man—The Complete Houſewife;—and our only romance was Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progreſs.

Mrs. Aikin.—This, good Madam, was

was rather a confined collection, though the judgment with which they were ſelected at the time deſerves to be commended. Since then, however, you are well aware that vaſt improvements have been made in every branch of ſtudy; and that we are many ſteps nearer to perfection in the arts and ſciences, than we were at the beginning of the preſent century.

Mrs. Danby.—But with all our new lights, Mrs. Aikin, I am afraid we do not grow more virtuous or more happy. More ſelf-ſufficient we are certainly become; Maſter plumes himſelf upon being more knowing than

than papa, and Miſs gives herſelf airs, on being more polite than mamma. But where is the reverence due to parental dictates, and where is the reſpect which ought to wait on experience?

Mrs. Aikin. — That any want of theſe is imputable to a diffuſion of knowledge, is much to be regretted; yet this may ſometimes proceed from caſual cauſes; for as knowledge leads to a higher purſuit in our employments, and taſte to a purer choice in our pleaſures, I am unwilling to think that their extenſion can be of general diſſervice. It is from the influence of the groſſer paſ-

paſſions, I apprehend, we have more to dread.

Mrs. Danby.—I will not contend longer with you on the ſubject, my good friend; though I am firmly of opinion, that modiſh manners put our young people of both ſexes much too forward; and in particular draw us females from that retirement for which Nature certainly deſigned us, and which one of our brighteſt monitors has ſweetly pourtrayed:

" As ſome fair violet, loveliеſt of the glade,
" Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely ſhade,
" Withdraws its modeſt head from public ſight,
" Nor courts the ſun, nor ſeeks the glare of light;

" Should

" Should ſome rude hand profanely dare intrude,
" And bear its beauties from its native wood;
" Expos'd abroad its languid colours fly,
" Its form decays, and all its odours die:
" So *woman*, born to dignify retreat,
" Unknown to flouriſh, and unſeen be great;
" To give domeſtic life its ſweeteſt charm,
" With ſoftneſs poliſh, and with virtue warm,
" Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
" Should ſeek but Heaven's applauſes and her own." MISS MORE.

CHAP. XIX.

Eraſtus and Harriet.

A DIALOGUE.

——" Mountains interpos'd
" Make enemies of nations, who had elſe,
" Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."
COWPER.

" WHENCE is that ſigh, my Har-
" riet?" ſaid Eraſtus to his daugh-
ter, as ſhe was entering the break-
faſt-room, with a newſpaper in her
hand.

Harriet.—" Alas! my father, I
" dread to hear the particulars of

" this engagement, in which Henry
" muſt have had an active ſhare.
" Victory, indeed, has crowned the
" ſons of Britain with her laurels;
" but if the object of my tendereſt
" care has fallen a ſacrifice to patriot
" ardour, I ſhall have to celebrate
" our national conqueſt in a widow's
" weeds."

Eraſtus.—" Too often, my Har-
" riet, has ſociety had cauſe to lament
" that ' the paths of military honour
" are cut through the bowels of hu-
" manity ;'—but in the preſent in-
" ſtance I rejoice to tell you, that
" our hero has been ſhielded by his
" guardian angel, and that few even

" of

"of his fellow-ſoldiers have ſuffered
"in the conflict. A ſkilful ma-
"nœuvre prevented bloodſhed, by
"making reſiſtance fruitleſs; and I
"have to preſent you with a haſty
"billet from Henry himſelf, in which
"he aſſures us of his perſonal ſafety
"and unſhaken regard."

Harriet.--"Then Heaven be praiſed
"for its protecting goodneſs! and
"ſoon, very ſoon, may our gallant
"ſoldier return to his native coun-
"try, with the olive wreath of peace
"for his reward! My dear father
"muſt now indulge me with liſtening
"to a new canzonet; the words of

" which were compoſed by the love-
" lieſt votareſs of fancy's choir."

BALLAD TO HOPE.

BY MISS SEWARD.

THOU ſun of the ſpirit! diſperſing each cloud,
When the ſad ſenſe of danger my boſom would ſhroud,
Not Spring, as ſhe chaſes the winter's loud ſtorm,
Ever bleſs'd the chill'd earth with a luſtre ſo warm;
Oh! how had I borne the dire thought of the fray,
When war's cruel voice call'd my Henry away,
Hadſt thou not, gentle HOPE, veil'd the battle's increaſe,
And bent thy ſoft beams on the harbour of peace!

To cheer and irradiate a boſom like mine,
Can the ſplendour of glory be potent as thine?

It

It plays on the creſt of the warrior, but ſhows
Red traces of danger through legions of foes;
It gilds e'en deſtruction, I know, to the brave,
But to Love what can brighten the gloom of the grave?
Then do thou draw a veil o'er the battle's fierce gleams,
And on ſafety's dear harbour, O! bend thy ſoft beams!

And now, gentle HOPE, art thou faithful as kind,
Not falſe were thy fires when they ſhone on my mind;
My hero returns!—the dread danger is o'er,
And, crown'd with new laurels, he ſpeeds to the ſhore!
Yet to light the dim FUTURE, ſweet Hope, do not ceaſe;
Through life let thy torch be the guard of my peace;
That ſtill it may gild the warm day-ſpring of youth,
As it ſhone on his SAFETY, now ſhine on his truth!

CHAP. XX.

The Ocean contemplated.

" They that go down to the ſea in ſhips, and " occupy their buſineſs in great waters; theſe " men ſee the works of the Lord, and his " wonders in the deep." PSALM cvii.

INDULGING myſelf the other even-ing in a walk by the ſea-ſhore, I could not but admire the lovely ſtill-neſs of Nature;—the ſun, which had run his courſe through our hemi-ſphere, was juſt withdrawn below the horizon, ſtill faintly tinged by his parting beams. On the vaſt body of water Tranquillity ſeemed to repoſe.

Not

Not a wave dazzled the eye with its motion. The moon aroſe in placid brightneſs, and threw a ſilver train of light acroſs the gray expanſe. I could long have gratified myſelf with looking at this picture of ſerenity, had not a column of clouds collected itſelf amid the twilight, which threatened a quick-approaching ſtorm. The moon, that a few minutes before had beamed with unſullied luſtre, now was ſhaded from my ſight. The water became agitated, the waves heaved from their bed, burſt over the rocks, and laſhed the ſide of the cliffs with their white foam. Fiſhing-veſſels were torn from their anchors, and whirled

whirled amid the abyſs without a pilot. They firſt climb the liquid mountain, then plough the ſurging ridge; anon plunge into the yawning gulf, and are loſt to the eye of the obſerver. Alarmed at the dreary ſpectacle, I ran to a hovel for ſhelter, while the torrents of a thunder-ſhower ſpread a deluge all around. "Awful," ſaid I, "is this change! for it pro-
"ceedeth from the hand of the MOST
"HIGHEST, who maketh the clouds
"his chariot, and walketh upon the
"wings of the wind: the voice of
"whoſe thunder is heard round about;
"whoſe lightnings ſhine upon the
"earth, till the earth is moved
"withal.

"withal. Yet in our trouble will "we call upon the Lord. We will "rely on the mercy of the MOST "HIGHEST! for GOD is our refuge "and ſtrength; a very preſent help "in trouble. Therefore will we not "fear, though the earth be moved, "and though the hills be carried into "the midſt of the ſea."

After comforting myſelf with theſe words of the Pſalmiſt, I peeped from my place of ſhelter, and the horrors of the tempeſt had ſubſided. I therefore haſtened home, reflecting all the way on the uncertainty of our enjoyments, and ſuitably impreſſed with the following *Thoughts*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Thoughts on a Thunder Storm.

BY THE REV. MR. WILLIAMS.

WHILE others with delight ſurvey
The clear unclouded ſkies,
The full meridian blaze of day,
And Nature's gaudy dyes;

With rapture hear the linnet's ſong,
Or zephyr's gentle breeze;
And paſs their lazy hours among
Cool grots and ſpreading trees;

Let me this awful ſcene enjoy!
Be clouds and darkneſs mine!
While borne on tempeſts through the ſky,
I trace the Pow'r divine.

Tremendous God of Nature! lo,
I tremble at thy voice!
Before thy glorious preſence bow,
And 'midſt thy ſtorms rejoice.

For 'tis not guilty fear that ſhakes
My frame, but holy dread;
While lightning gleams and thunder breaks
Inceſſant o'er my head.

Such ſolemn ſounds, and ſcenes ſublime,
The pious heart can raiſe
Beyond the bounds of ſpace and time,
In its Creator's praiſe.

His praiſe let earth, let heav'n reſound,
Let man and angels ſing;
And all the airy regions round
With hallelujahs ring!

CHAP. XXII.

Good Temper neceſſary to produce Happineſs.

" Oh, Happineſs! our being's end and aim,
" Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content, whate'er thy name:
" Plant of celeſtial ſeed, if dropt below,
" Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?" POPE.

THE ſureſt way we can aim to attain happineſs, is to put ourſelves at all times in a capacity for the reception of it. From purſuing this conduct, Mrs. Aurelia Foreſter gives ſuch a ſtrong proof of her good ſenſe, that Hap-

Happineſs ſeems to hold his levee in her little parlour, which is often crowded with viſitors. She is formed alike to receive or to impart the pleaſures of ſocial intercourſe, and her company is more ſought after than all the gaieties of the town; with this different effect, that her ſociety ſtamps a ſenſible impreſſion on the heart and memory, while the phantoms of mere amuſement

"Leave not a trace behind."

Miſs Letitia Lappet, on the contrary, is ſhunned by thoſe who know her character, as much as Aurelia is courted. Endowed by nature with a

wayward ſpirit, habit has ſerved to increaſe its wrong bias. Diſſatisfied with all around her, ſhe makes all around her diſſatisfied. Her looks are ſullen, and her talk is peeviſh. If the day is warm, it melts her; if cool, it puts her in an ague. If her friends take the trouble to call upon her, their viſits appear irkſome; if they omit to do ſo, it is called a groſs neglect, or a breach of common politeneſs. If you diſcommend a new faſhion, ſhe applauds it beyond meaſure; but if you happen to approve it, ſhe pronounces it odious. In ſhort, her unhappy temper acts as a poiſon to her peace.

She was aſked, not long ſince, to a private ball, and the day on which it took place was conſumed in debates about what ſhe ſhould wear. Her wardrobe was toſſed over and over, but not an article ſeemed ſuited to the occaſion. This thing was tawdry, and that was taſteleſs. She altered her choice a thouſand times; till, fatigued by her own fickleneſs, ſhe deſired her maid to chooſe for her. This was no ſooner done, than, in mere perverſeneſs, ſhe put on a different dreſs, the leaſt becoming ſhe could have ſelected. Her maid now became piqued, and took care to whiſper this anecdote among her

miſtreſs's female friends, who publiſhed it throughout the aſſembly before the lady herſelf arrived there. The male part of the company took the hint, and agreed to mortify her *folly* by never aſking her to dance. After dangling about, therefore, near an hour, ſhe bounced out of the room in an angry fit; and a loud titter from all the gentlemen, which echoed down the ſtair-caſe, made her reſolve never again to mix with a ſet of Hottentots.

Theſe two characters will form a comment upon themſelves, and enable the reader to decide upon which is moſt likely to produce Happineſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Hiſtory of Mr. Belfield.

" Contentment is the true temperate climate
" fitted for us by Nature, and in which every
" man would wiſh to live." STERNE.

AT a village in the weſt of England reſided Mr. Belfield, whoſe benevolence made him reſpected and revered. His deſire to ſeclude himſelf from the buſy world aroſe from the loſs of an amiable wife, whoſe memory he revered, and whoſe virtues it was his delight to number over. Mrs. Belfield left two daughters, Sophia and

Frances; the elder about ſeven, and the younger five years of age. The attention beſtowed on Sophia by her mother, even at that early period of life, had ſtrongly impreſſed her mind with virtuous feeling; and often would the memory of maternal goodneſs cauſe the tear to trickle down her cheek. Frances, who was two years younger, had but few traces remaining of a mother's fondneſs. In their retirement, it became the chief care of Mr. Belfield to educate his daughters; and in a few years, he had the felicity to find his concern for their welfare repaid by a filial tenderneſs, which ſometimes made him

him reflect on the ſhock he had ſuſtained with a compoſure he never expected.

Beſides directing the ſtudies of his daughters, Mr. Belfield had employed himſelf in improving a paternal eſtate, part of which was converted into a garden and pleaſure-ground; and part was cultivated as a farm. Theſe he took the chief management of himſelf, and frequently conſulted his daughters on improvements in the grounds, or joined their morning parties, while they read the works of his favourite poet Thomſon, in an arbour they had aſſiſted to plant,

and

and by turns took up the pencil, the needle, or the guitar. Thus did the fleeting hours glide on in innocence and peace; delighted with home, and with each other, care, envy, and ambition, found no place in ſuch ſociety: while, to improve the condition of the labourer, to promote brotherly love and mutual good offices in the village over which he preſided, was the conſtant endeavour of Mr. Belfield; and often did the widow and the orphan's heart overflow with bleſſings for their generous benefactor. Oh! let not ſordid avarice or ſelfiſh pride diſdain attention to

the

the charities of humanity: let there be more *Belfields*, and there will be more contentment in the cottaged vale of life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Ode from the Italian.

BY MISS SEWARD.

O'ER him, by health and fortune crown'd,
Time ſteals with foot ſo light,
Scarce is his faint impreſſion found
On the gay brow's unwrinkled bound,
Or ſhining orb of ſight:

Smooth as the young Camilla, borne
With printleſs ſtep and fleet,
O'er plenteous fields of ripen'd corn,
Whoſe bending ſtalks the gales of morn
Bow on the paſſing feet.

But o'er the dim form, preſs'd by woes,
He treads with heavy pace,
Sweeps his broad ſcythe, and, as he goes,
Down falls the ſummer-pride, and ſhows
Worn Nature's furrow'd face.

CHAP. XXV.

On Cruelty to Animals.

——" The ſpring-time of our years
" Is ſoon diſhonour'd, and defil'd in moſt
" By budding ills, that aſk a prudent hand
" To check them. But, alas! none ſooner ſhoots,
" If unreſtrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
" Than Cruelty, moſt deviliſh of them all."

COWPER.

CRUELTY is ſo contrary to human nature, that it is called by the ſcandalous name of inhumanity. " Man " does not feel for man," ſays the worthy author of our motto; and can he then be expected to feel for inferior creatures? Yet we are not haſtily

haſtily to conclude, that cruelty is a property of human nature. No; it is only the offspring of a depraved heart. But as cruelty, like all vices, is contagious, we ſhould avoid the company of calious and unfeeling perſons, as we would ſhun thoſe who might convey an incurable diſorder. Children, for this reaſon, ought not to be allowed to ſee the brute creation put to death, nor ſuffered to ſport with animals or inſects. For if man's health or ſafety does not interfere, even the meaneſt reptiles that have life, are all as free to live and to enjoy their exiſtence—

"As

"As God was free to form them at the firſt,
"Who, in his ſovereign wiſdom, made them all."

There is a wanton, and there is a vicious cruelty. The one may proceed from a thoughtleſs temper, but the other muſt have its ſource in a badneſs of heart. An anecdote of the former kind ſhall be related: too many inſtances of the latter occur among the butchers and bullock-drivers at every country fair.

Through the ſtreets of Calcutta, an elephant of the tameſt ſpecies was taken to water twice a day; and had paſſed along the ſame track, for ſeveral months, unoffending and unoffended. One ſultry afternoon, as he

paſſed by a taylor's work-ſhop, he gently raiſed his trunk towards a window where ſeveral of the croſs-legged brethren ſat at work, and one of them, in a frolic, gave the animal a prick with a needle, near the end of its ſnout. The whole party ſet up a loud grin at the joke, while the elephant marched on, with ſilent dignity, and ſeeming unconcern. The driver attended him as uſual, and when his thirſt was ſatisfied, returned by the ſame route home. But, on repaſſing the taylor's ſhop-board, the animal again lifted his trunk to the window, and, with the force of a water-ſpout, diſcharged a volley of mud

mud and ſlime full into the face of his offender. Poor Snip was almoſt ſtifled. The garment he had been at work upon was entirely ſpoiled; and, as he wiped the mud from his ſable viſage, his laughing comrades adviſed him to take care how he ventured to bleed an elephant again with the point of a needle.

CHAP. XXVI.

On Hunting.

" Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare."
THOMSON.

POOR, indeed, is every triumph of man over the harmleſs and unreſiſting. But it is painful alſo, to a reflecting mind, to ſee a regiment of horſemen aſſemble to hunt down a trembling victim, that flies from the very whiſpers of the wind. The amuſement of hunting has been called a remnant of Gothic barbarity *. " If

* ——Deteſted ſport!
That owes its pleaſures to another's pain.

" we

"we kill an animal for our provi-
"ſion," ſays Plutarch, "let us do it
"with all the meltings of compaſſion,
"and without tormenting it." But ancient Plutarch and modern ſportſmen have few feelings, perhaps, in common with each other. Bodily exerciſe is leſs painful than mental exertion; and the diverſion of the field, therefore, is ſtill followed. Its effects, however, are to be deplored, ſince it leads to treſpaſſes which laws cannot redreſs; and the farmer ſuffers in his property, and in his domeſtic peace, from the ravages of a giddy crew, who commit miſchief out of ſport, and outrage out of bravado.

The rational powers of a profeſſed ſportſman are too apt alſo to be ſunk in the ſenſual; and he who leads a life of thoughtleſs frenzy all the morning, uſually abſorbs the remainder of the day in follies of every kind.

Sir Giles Handicap, the only ſon of a Yorkſhire baronet, had but a ſlender capacity from his infancy; and as his tutor could make nothing of him during a courſe of private ſtudies, at the age of thirteen he was ſent to a public ſchool. There he ſoon found that every urchin in the loweſt forms could parſe and conſtrue better than himſelf; but as he was with-

without ſhame, and had plenty of money allowed him, he kept a conſtant fag to write his exerciſes, and aſſiſt him in all his taſks. At ſixteen he was taken away, with about as much learning as he brought; and young maſter having too good a fortune to make the confinement of a college thought neceſſary, he was ſent abroad with a ſplendid allowance, in order to paſs a couple of years at Paris and Rome. Before the term of this tour was completed his father died; and having returned home to take poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate, he ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf from his neighbours, by having the fleeteſt

horſes

horſes and choiceſt dogs in the county. Before he came of age he purchaſed a pack of harriers, and had got together a fine ſet of jolly fellows, who ſuited his taſte to a hair, and did the young baronet the honour of living upon him. At the age of twenty-three he fell in love with his game-keeper's daughter; and having always profeſſed to hate every female of rank or faſhion, he married Jenny Fungus without delay. After this hopeful match he reſided wholly in the country; built a new kennel, bought twenty brace of ſtaunch fox-hounds, enlarged his ſtud, and taught his new-married lady to ſit a leap over

over a five-bar gate without winking. He was now as happy as drunken mirth and senseless company could make him. But his career was checked by an accident he little foresaw, and which speedily proved *mortal*, from the inflamed condition of his blood. The curate of an adjoining hamlet, who had beheld his conduct with contempt, composed the following memorial for his tomb :—

Within this vault are deposited
The remains of Sir Giles Handicap, Baronet,
The last male heir of an ancient family.
He was famed for a mighty hunter;
And having followed the pursuits of Nimrod
With the fury of an Arab Tartar,
Was festered into futurity by the bite of a
cub-fox,

Which

Which he was trying to reſcue from his hounds,
That it might ſhow him another day's ſport.
Dignified by rank,
And elevated by fortune,
He regarded not theſe as the means
Of preſerving a reſpect
Which his anceſtors had ſtudied to make
hereditary.
But after fluttering away a few months
In the circles of foreign diſſipation,
He returned home without one valuable
acquirement;
And to ſcreen himſelf from the nothingneſs of
his own character,
Withdrew (amid grooms and horſe-jockeys)
To the retreat of his family manſion;
Where a ſtable became the ſenate of his councils,
And a dog-kennel the regiſter of his
achievements.
Sam Stentor, the huntſman,
Who had long been a confidential favourite,
Was, in his will, left principal executor.

CHAP. XXVII.

Humility and Contentment recommended.

" To be wiſe, we muſt be humble; in the " ſenſibility of our weakneſs, we become " ſtrong." ROUSSEAU.

THE greateſt defect in human conduct, even in that which has only virtue for its object, is a too great ſelf-confidence, which makes us judge by the preſent of the future, and of our whole lives from the experience of a few years. This raſhneſs betrays us into many hazards. It is offenſive to others, it is hurtful to ourſelves, and

and is ſure to meet with general diſeſteem; while a proper humility is amiable, and always likely to procure us friends. Humility, indeed, ſhould be the corner-ſtone on which Contentment builds her dwelling: for then the guſts of envy, and the ſtorms of evil fortune, are likely to blow over it, without doing any material injury. Vain are all worldly gifts without contentment and humility; and taſteleſs is the cup of happineſs, unleſs theſe give it reliſh. He who, though rich as Crœſus, ſighs after any ideal want which his wealth cannot obtain, is poorer than the peaſant who earns his pittance under

him, and enjoys the ſcanty comforts of his lot without repining. Wealth, though it promiſes to ſatisfy, creates fancied wants and real cares. But this our worldly deſires prevent us from perceiving; elſe ſhould we more frequently join in the wiſh of Agur —"Give me neither poverty nor "riches: feed me with food conve- "nient for me."

Should Riches, with her giddy throng,
E'er drive her rambling car along
To my obſcure abode;
I'd entertain her as a friend,
My barns and coffers I would lend,
But keep my heart for GOD!

Should Poverty throw ope my doors,
And whiſper—"Fetch thy neighbour's ſtores,
"It never can be known;"
I'd ſtoop to no ſuch baſe demands,—
I've treaſure in my FATHER's hands,
Though nothing in my *own*.

G. L.

CHAP. XXVIII.

A Viſit to London.

"The opera, park, aſſembly, maſk, and play,
" Thoſe dear deſtroyers of the tedious day;
" That wheel of fops, that ſaunter of the TOWN,
" Call it *diverſion*, and the pill goes down."
YOUNG.

MR. Thomas Truſty had, for many years, lived ſteward with a worthy gentleman in Bedfordſhire, and from his fidelity and good ſenſe was highly regarded and eſteemed. His maſter having a daughter, an only child, who had juſt left ſchool, it was agreed

that ſhe ſhould make a viſit to her aunt Dillon, who reſided in London, and that Truſty ſhould conduct her. The day of departure being fixed, Miſs Lucinda exclaimed to her maid —"Oh! Jenny, how happy I ſhall "be to ſee London! what wonders "we ſhall have to tell of at our "return!" Her parents, from the tender love they bore her, ſuffered much when the parting hour arrived, and Lucinda, though elated with the idea of her journey, felt a pang on quitting the abode of her early years. While Jenny ſprung into the chaiſe, Lucinda took a laſt view of the park, and ſighed an adieu to her ſurround-

ing relatives. Mr. Trusty, who had read and travelled a good deal, contrived to make the journey agreeable, from his descriptions of the numerous seats they passed, and of the several owners, with reflections on the state of cultivation the country appeared in. "Cultivation of the ground," said Trusty to his young lady, "may "be considered as bearing a pretty "close analogy to that of the mind. "Docks or thistles will spring up in "the former, where the hand of in-"dustry is not employed to weed "them; and bad or idle habits will "grow up in the latter, where good "ones are not implanted."—"True,

"Mr. Truſty," ſaid Lucinda; "our "governeſs uſed to make uſe of the "ſame ſimile; and I wiſh there were "more Sunday ſchools, that poor "people might profit by inſtruction "as well as the rich."—"I wiſh it "too, Miſs Lucinda, very ſincerely," ſaid Truſty; "for I pity the condi- "tion of the uninformed; and it is "a miſtaken notion, in my humble "opinion, to ſuppoſe that a mind "enlarged renders the heart diſcon- "tented. For my own part, I con- "ceive that knowledge forms a ſource "of real comfort, by filling the mind "with every good principle that "hereafter can ripen into action."

From

From theſe and ſimilar remarks, the journey and its fatigues were ſcarcely thought of when the travellers reached Highgate, where having alighted, and taken ſome refreſhment, as the afternoon was fine and clear, they ſauntered on towards the ſummit of the hill, to take a diſtant glance at London and Weſtminſter. On approaching the point from which both cities break at once upon the ſight, Lucinda felt a mixture of ſurpriſe and delight that for ſome minutes rivetted her feet to the ſpot on which ſhe ſtood. At length ſhe ſoftly uttered—"It "does, indeed, ſurpaſs my utmoſt "expectations!—Do not let us loſe "more

"more time, Mr. Trusty; I long to "be in the midst of such a scene." —"It looks like a new world," said Jenny. The chaise now took them up, and they descended the hill near Caen Wood, the seat of Lord Mansfield. Hampstead presented itself on the right, and the vale of Hornsey on the left. After passing through the pleasant street called Kentish Town, Lucinda soon reached the house of her expecting aunt in Fitzroy Square; where the travellers retired at an early hour to repose themselves after their journey.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

Continuation of a Viſit to London.

MRS. Dillon was extremely pleaſed with her niece Lucinda, and promiſed, during her viſit, that ſhe ſhould enjoy as large a ſhare as poſſible of town amuſements. Both playhouſes were viſited, and the performers in each had their juſt ſhare of praiſe. But although the ſplendour of theſe ſcenes ſurpriſed Lucinda, ſhe could not help contraſting their gaiety with the want and miſery which met her eye in almoſt every

every ſtreet. A great part of the poor community appeared to be overlooked, or their condition not made ſo eaſy as in the village ſhe had left. Her aunt aſſured her ſhe was miſtaken: "We have many follies, "and more vices to anſwer for, my "dear," ſaid Mrs. Dillon, "in this "great city; but the want of public "charity has no place, in the preſent "day, among our catalogue of "crimes."

Lucinda bent forward, with a ſweet and reſpectful ſmile, as much as to ſay ſhe ſtood corrected by the better judgment of her aunt. The next evening Mrs. Dillon propoſed going

to

to the Opera; and as her niece had the advantage of having been taught Italian, it was expected ſhe would be highly entertained: but in this her aunt was miſtaken. Lucinda thought ſhe perceived, both in ſingers and dancers, ſomething that appeared to "overſtep the modeſty of nature," and the limits of real grace. With the muſic ſhe was much gratified, and with the houſe itſelf, which diſplayed elegance, ſymmetry, and taſte. —St. Paul's Cathedral and Weſtminſter Abbey were next viſited. Here, indeed, was a ſtriking change of ſcenery, from the lively and voluptuous, to monuments of departed genius,

genius, or grandeur mouldering in the duſt. Though St. Paul's had more to ſtrike the eye, it was the latter that touched the feelings of Lucinda. It was here ſhe ſaw the tomb of a Newton, whom a Thomſon had taught her to revere; a Chatham, whom the hiſtory of her country made her reſpect; and an André, whom the muſe of a *Seward* had inſtructed her to deplore. Here alſo did ſhe drop a paſſing tear

" On names once fam'd, now dubious, or forgot,
" And buried 'midſt the wreck of things which were."

On

On the following Sunday Mrs. Dillon took her young visitor through Hyde Park to Kensington Gardens: there she saw the young and the old, the citizen and the nobleman, all met together, to see and be seen. The concourse of carriages and horsemen that composed the moving scene appeared to excite no other idea in Lucinda but that of a race-ground. In this view, she said it exceeded any thing she had ever seen before; but what most created surprise, was, that this parade took place on a Sunday. "I cannot think, my dear aunt," said Lucinda, "but the examples of

"the rich and powerful influence "others in a high degree. If *they* "were to find a fitter place to spend "their Sundays in, do you think "that Hyde Park would be so much "resorted to by their inferiors?" Mrs. Dillon scarcely knew what reply to make to reflections which at once displayed the goodness of her niece's heart, and did honour to the guardians of her education.

In short, London, with all its gaieties, had little serious attraction for the heart of Lucinda: so, after thanking her aunt with grateful warmth for all the kindness experienced

rienced during her stay in Fitzroy Square, she returned, at the end of two months, to her friends in Bedfordshire, more gratified by parental caresses, and the honest friendship of Trusty, than with all the luxuries of a town life; and she repeated with strong emphasis the following lines, as she mixed in the family circle round her own fire-side:

" O, friendly to the best pursuits of mind,
" Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
" Domestic Life in rural leisure pass'd!
" To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
" To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
" And heighten Nature's dainties;
" Well-order'd Home our best delight to make;

" And

" And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
" With ev'ry gentle, care-eluding art,
" To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
" And sweeten all the toils of human life:
" This be the *female* dignity, and praise."

FINIS.

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